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ON THE UNION OF HUMAN WITH DIVINE LEARNING.

THE importance of devoting ourselves to the good of our fellow-men is so obvious that it needs to be enforced by few arguments. As every member of the community has his part to perform in life, so it is very just that he should be occupied in such employments, as either contribute directly to the advantage of society, or as tend to prepare him for discharging the duties he owes to it. The inquiry, therefore, how far literary pursuits promote the good of society cannot be uninteresting; and the object of the following essay will be to point out the utility of learning to a man of piety and a christian, and especially to those who devote themselves to the holy ministry.

A clergyman, as he enjoys extraordinary immunities, has a proportionate responsibility. He has it in his power to make his profession of all others the most honourable to God, the most useful to society, and the most agreeable to himself. He separates himself from the world, it is true, but I do not know that he is forbidden to enjoy its rational pleasures and amusements. His parochial duties, though they employ much of his time, yet leave him much of leisure; and the purposes to which he should appropriate this

leisure will deserve his most serious consideration. The studies of theology are complicated, and have an intimate connexion with other pursuits, about which the mind may be engaged with no less profit than pleasure. The truth of the christian religion is often confirmed by the testimony of heathen writers, and much of its history is illustrated by their concurrent observations. The divine, therefore, may usefully employ no small part of his time in the perusal of works which are not immediately connected with his profession, but which will contribute something to the external evidence of his religion. He will thus become acquainted with ancient systems, with which he may compare his own; and the confirmation of the truth of the latter will be the beneficial result of the comparison. He will see the immense superiority of divine over human institutions, in the effects they produce on the publick morals and in the purity of the motives they require. Does he wish to know the progress of christianity? To trace its corruptions? To ascertain the causes that in some places accelerated, and in others retarded its course? Surely he can hardly claim to be an unbiassed inquirer, if he confine his reading even to the defenders of christianity; much less if he confine it to the patrons of particular tenets. Our religion does not fear, it invites the severest scrutiny; and the theologian, who peruses the controversial writings of the fathers, without deigning to read those of their opponents, may be considered illiberal and ignorant as a christian teacher. A good cause is ever injured by an unfair defence of it; and it must be confessed that the advocates of christianity have too often evinced more of zeal than knowledge, and sometimes more of bitterness than honesty. Instead of endeavouring coolly to convince and to reclaim, they have exasperated by their presumption, and even embittered by their violence. In controversy, where they were too ignorant to confute,

they have misrepresented, and where they were too angry to reason they have railed. Here then we see how important it is that the divine should read as well the writings of the enemies as of the defenders of christianity. If their malignity will abate much from his reliance in the narration or the arguments of the former, it is no less true that the mistaken zeal of some of the latter will furnish examples of the marvellous, which credulity itself would incredulously deride. That man, therefore, who pursues his inquiries into the christian system, will have very inadequate conceptions of it, and will be insufficiently acquainted with the proofs by which it is supported, if he resort for instruction only to a particular set of men. On the contrary, as a christian, and especially an instructer in religion ought of all men to possess an enlarged mind, so he will think that there is hardly a useful book, whether written on divinity or not, from which some light may not be reflected on that grand and complicated system which it is his office to contemplate and unfold. This is the reason why so many of the most illustrious of the clergy have thought it not unworthy their sacred profession to join to the most extensive advances in divine knowledge, the most wonderful acquisitions in human learning. They are indeed a privileged order. Their professional studies admit, nay they include whatever is useful and elegant in literature. It is true, the bible ought to be the source whence they should draw principles and precepts, but to enforce, to illustrate, and to embellish, the muses may certainly be allowed to lend their aid. The divine, whose mind is enriched and liberalized with various knowledge, will think it his duty and make it his object to extract, from whatever has been written by men, all that is conformable to the revelations of God. But he should remember not to wander from that holy path in which he has solemnly engaged to walk, for purposes which are not in any way subservient to his grand object.

Learning is worthy the attention of a christian only so far as it meliorates, and enlightens, and refines. Whatever has not this tendency (and it must be confessed that there is much of dross intermingled even with the purest learning) is worse than useless, for it estranges us from the contemplation of the Deity, and unfits us for partaking in the joys of religion. All useful studies have ever received the patronage of the pious. "Moses," says the inspired recorder of the Acts, "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyp-"tians;" and ecclesiasticks, imitating his example, have studied to acquire human as well as divine learning, and have often surpassed all others of their age, not only in professional knowledge, but in various literature and science.

"Learning has borne such fruit in other days:
"On all her branches, Piety has found
"Friends in the friends of science; and true prayer
"Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews."*

Whoever, therefore, should attempt to render piety incompatible with literature, ought to be regarded as an enemy to human happiness; for he labours to separate those things which when united afford the purest and most exalted pleasure to intellectual beings.

"Oh! Never may Castalia's streams divide
"From Siloa's brook and Jordan's hallowed tide."†

FORENSICK DISPUTATION.

Whether attachment to individuals have a tendency to increase our regard for mankind in general?

THE AFFIRMATIVE.

THE correctness of the cause we espouse depends on an uniform law of our nature. To ascertain this law, we as-

* Cowper's Task. † Pursuits of Literature.

cend to the original principles of our constitution, and investigate the primitive state of man. By tracing him from the first dawnings of affection, while the mind is yet in embryo, through the gradual progress of intellect and developement of character, we may be able to discover the feelings and principles by which he is governed. It may possibly be objected as " unfair to consider man in a state of " nature, because it ought to be presumed, without some " specifick declaration to the contrary, that the question con- " templates him as we know and are acquainted with him, " in a state of civilization and artificial refinement." After invalidating this objection we proceed to the consideration of the question.

It is impossible for man, however disciplined by civil society and cultivated and refined by education, to divest himself of the principles and feelings that result from his constitution and are imbibed and cherished at his birth. Human nature must continue radically the same, whatever modifications it may undergo in its various culture. It is then not only justifiable but the most correct and philosophical mode of procedure, to trace man to his original, unadulterated state, in order to ascertain the existence and developement of those principles, which it is our business to discover and explain. Another reason for reverting to his original state is, to see whether he have any of that innate *regard for mankind in general*, whose existence is here taken for granted, and whose growth is the subject of debate.

The question in its present form appears to be precisely the same, as to ask " whether attachment to particular liquors " *increase* our regard for liquor in general"—proceeding on the most uncharitable supposition that man has an innate propensity to *strong drink*. Or " whether the exercise of the " faculties increase the strength of the mind." These ques-

tions we all readily perceive do not admit of argument, any more than whether the effect follows the cause. Precisely similar is the state of the present question. The existence of philanthropy is taken for granted, and then it is inquired whether attachment to individuals have a tendency to increase philanthropy. Now if it can be made to appear that individual attachment is the cause, and the only one of that general regard for mankind, which by our opponents is supposed to exist independently of private affection, the affirmative will be fairly established: for all will allow that the continued operation of a cause extends and magnifies the effect.

Suppose, then, a human being, introduced to the world in a state of society that had never experienced the advantages or disadvantages of civilization, and totally unpolished by artificial refinement; collected together by chance, continued from inclination, and rudely organized for purposes of mutual protection and preservation. He is cherished and supported by his parents, not by the compulsion of law, but by the more cogent obligations of tenderness and love. The yearnings of parental affection are sanctioned by the voice of reason and duty; the child is nourished, and preserved. What are the first impressions he receives; the first emotions of the opening man? Precisely what, if we should reason upon the case, we must conclude them to be. The smile of benevolence, which beams in the face of the parent, is soon reflected in the countenance of the child. As the first indications of the parent to the child are tenderness and love, so the first efforts of infant exertion are filial benevolence and gratitude. Long before reason is so far matured as to operate in directing any of his actions, respect and affection for those who cherish and support him constitute the predominant feature of his character.

Nor is this trait confined to a state of barbarism. Fol-

low him in his various progress to refinement, and you perceive private affection to be the basis of every benevolent and amiable quality; the incipient germ, that gradually ripens and expands into "an extended self love, mingling with "all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the mi- "nutest filaments of the heart."

It is very evident to all, who have noticed the movements and actions of an infant, that the emotions of the heart are antecedent to the powers of the mind, at least in their developement. By and by however reason comes in aid of feeling, and sanctions the dictates of natural affection. The powers of the mind begin to unfold themselves. Reason is employed in the examining and judging of characters, and confirms or disapproves the self regulated acts of the heart. The days of childhood and youth are past. The growing man now looks around him, considers his state and relations, reflects on his present and future conduct, with perfect freedom in his choice of life and selection of friends. But so strongly are the ties of natural affection rivetted in his soul that he has no desire so ardent as to cultivate and extend them. And we think, if this bias of our nature be sufficiently attended to, we shall not be at a loss to account for the manner in which publick affections are not only increased, but produced.

But lest the pride of opinion beget too much confidence in the rectitude of our cause, or the infallibility of our reasoning, let us pause for a moment, and contemplate the other side of the question. We would ask, "what is that "philanthropy, which is not increased by private attach- "ments, but exists independently of them?" And here we cannot help regretting that Candour is put to the blush, almost before she has received an answer to her first question. "Philanthropy," say our opponents, "is a pure, disin- "terested attachment to mankind in general, or the whole

"rational world." But, "what is this rational world which we are to love so heartily—who are the beings in it, where do they exist, all of whom we must have a strong attachment to, yet know not an individual among them, and be extremely careful not to obstruct the operation of so *pure* and *disinterested* a passion by cultivating any private attachment?" We must love the whole, without knowing or caring about a single part. Such is the absurdity that results from the use of terms to which no ideas are affixed.

It must now be evident, we think, to every reasonable mind, that there is no regard for *mankind in general* implanted in man, other than what is generated by the cultivation and extension of individual attachments. Would the limits of a forensick exercise, as exhibited in the chapel at college, permit, we might trace the individual, already arrived to manhood, through the various relations of husband, parent, magistrate, &c. and derive additional weight in support of the affirmative. We have seen however, that the path marked out is the natural course of an individual from infancy to manhood. Private attachments gradually enlarge and ripen into more public affections, as the continuity of a cause extends and magnifies the effect. There are hermits and anchorites in the world who are destitute of all private affection whatever. If the negative of the question be true, these would be men of the most exalted benevolence and publick spirit. But is this the character of the cloistered monk, or solitary hermit? On the whole, we are induced to believe that our affections and interest are too closely allied to admit even of ideal disjunction.

THE NEGATIVE.

SINCE we are placed on the earth, with constitutions that require the assistance, and sympathies that instinctively seek the intercourse of our fellow-men, the relations, which

exist between ourselves and others, are of a very interesting kind. But as they vary much in the intimacy, tenderness, and duration of the connexions they produce, there is a corresponding difference in the concern they excite in us with respect to their nature, their perfection, and their duration. After the ties of consanguinity, none of these relations is of so much importance as that of friendship. It may be said that those of ruler and subject are more so, but the authority of the magistrate and the obedience of the subject are uninteresting and dull, to the deserted, friendless, and solitary. Among the numerous questions, which a theme so important has started, one of the most general in object is that which we are now to discuss. It is designed briefly to investigate the constituent causes of the perfection of friendship, that a rational answer may be afforded.—Without defining a term, which is too well understood to require or admit a definition, it may first be remarked, that as friendship supposes a mutual interchange of confidence, a reciprocation of feeling and sentiment, it can exist only between minds that are united together by similarity of constitution and congenial feelings. The perfection of friendship then takes place only between persons attracted and bound to each other, by this similarity and congeniality. It can only be preserved in its purity and perfection by the most confiding and unhesitating familiarity, and by a continual reciprocation of feelings, opinions, and wishes. It therefore, in the first place, excludes the idea of existing between a large number. Its energies weaken as they extend, and its value decreases in proportion to the number of those who participate it. Happy perhaps it would be, could we find many minds similar to our own, and could we go abroad into the world and see our own souls in those of others, as we see the image of our bodies in every wave that flows by them. But happiness like this is the lot of no man. One or two

real friends then is as much as our narrow affections are capable of embracing. To extend the openness, the familiarities, and the confidence of friendship to more, is to weaken its ties, embitter its sweetness, and pervert its nature. If then universal benevolence or regard for mankind in general, be conceived to be the same feeling as private friendship, and variant from it only in degree, the negative of the question is inevitably true.

But some may think it of little consequence to have shown this, since the truth seems to be that private friendship and philanthropy are diametrically opposed to each other in nature. Philanthropy is universal, indiscriminating love: friendship shrinks not only from the world, but from society, and is imparted only to individuals. Philanthropy is injured by suggesting a limit to its extent; friendship feels its delicacy wounded at the thought of vulgar participation. Philanthropy loses its distinctive character as it contracts its objects: friendship as it extends them. Philanthropy is a passion for saints to exercise, towards saints, where all is equality of perfection and merit: friendship is calculated for frail man, who in the course of his pilgrimage may congratulate himself if he find one congenial companion. From this view of the opposite characters of friendship to individuals and regard to mankind in general, I hope it appears pretty evident that in proportion as we cherish and foster one, we discourage and contract the other. For what principle can be plainer, than that if two passions are of opposite natures in all distinctive points, the encouragement of one in our bosoms must have a tendency to eradicate the other? Did a person tell me that the same habits, the same course of life, and the same actions had a tendency to perfect and heighten opposite dispositions of the mind, I should look upon him as erring as widely from the truth, as the physician who prescribed bleeding and warm water for consump-

tions, and fevers, for dropsies, and dysentaries. From these reflections I am induced to conclude, that the more a man yields himself to the delights of private friendship and the more his affections are occupied in its duties, the less are they disposed for the requisitions of philanthropy, and he will forget that he is a citizen of the world, while he dwells on the idea that he is a friend. On the contrary, he whose fortune it has been to have his hopes in friendship disappointed, who has found the hypocritical, the sickish, and affectedly excentrick, where he looked for the familiar, the tender, and the true; or who, still worse, has found the envious, the malignant, and the backbiter, where he thought he saw the incorruptible, the independent, and frank, he indeed may fly to the charities of philanthropy to console those wounded sensibilities, which have been lacerated by false friends. Thus does history tell us that the unrivalled Howard, that best good man, who was born into a sphere of life which excluded the great, and with a melancholy temperament which repulsed the vivacious, from the list of his friends, disappointed too in all those hopes which reposed on the success of a darling child, and finding only idiocy and distraction, where he had looked for talents and wisdom, fled to relieve his afflicted spirits and occupy his friendless leisure, in a most unexampled enterprize of benevolent courage.

Having thus attempted to prove the negative on either supposition that is made with respect to the character of philanthropy, I conclude that attachment to individuals has not a tendency to increase our affection for mankind in general.

[It is necessary to observe, that the foregoing arguments were written as college exercises, and not in opposition to each other by mutual communication.]

HOMER'S GENEALOGY.

BESIDES the title to which so many ancient cities pretend, to be considered the birth-place of this immortal poet, we find they even went so far as to give lists of his genealogy, to relate fables of his childhood, and to enumerate several anecdotes respecting his birth and parentage. There is something in the following account, which we deem highly poetical and allegorical. Its origin is in a Greek Treatise respecting the contention between Homer and Hesiod. This account begins as far back as Apollo, whom it makes the father of Linus by Thoöse, the daughter of Neptune; the son of Linus was Pierus; Pierus again was the father of Oeagrus, by the nymph Methone; Orpheus was the son of Oeagrus and the muse Calliope; from Orpheus came Othrys; from him Harmonides; from him Philoterpus; from him Euphemus; from him Epiphrades, who begot Menalops, the father of Dius; Dius had Hesiod the poet and Perses, by Pucamede, the daughter of Apollo; then Perses had Mæon; from whose daughter Crytheis, the river Meles begot Homer.

A very little attention to the etymology of these names, will convince us that the account is in a great measure intended to be allegorical. And we shall find, that the inventors of the fiction, by a curious perversion of Heraldry, have turned several of the poet's qualifications into his actual ancestors. Harmonides is derived from ἁρμονια, *harmony;* Philoterpus from φιλοτερπνοτης, *love of delight;* Euphemus from ευφημια, *renown*, or perhaps more appropriately, *beautiful diction;* Epiphrades from επιφραζομαι; from which επιφροσυνη, *intelligence;* Pucamede may be called a derivative from πυκα, *prudentér*, &c. These etymologies scarcely deserve the uncertain appellation of conjectural; and we therefore consider the above account as a curious specimen of

the mythological propensity which the ancients indulged even in their disputations.

It seems to be pretty generally allowed in the accounts we have examined of Homer's genealogy, that his birth was illegitimate. Many accounts, which are contradictory in other respects, appear to possess a singular concurrence in this. Sometimes, however, this ignominy of his descent is attempted to be cancelled, by declaring Homer to be the son of the god Mercury. A short biography of the poet, of which Plutarch is the reputed authour, who pretends to depend on Aristotle for his information, makes his mother a young girl of Ionia. In this account, he claims for his father, "a *Genius*, who delighted to associate with the Mus-" es, and share in their concerts." In all this splendid variety of mythological invention, we fear that the circumstances of the illustrious poet's birth are not a little suspicious. However, he is still Homer.

Notwithstanding our title, we may as well incorporate in these observations a few remarks on the traditions respecting Homer's blindness. The propensity the ancients had to introduce Gods and Heroes into every little relation of former times, was also exercised on this occasion. The following may serve as a specimen. "When Homer resolved to write of " Achilles, he had an exceeding desire to fill his mind with " a just idea of so glorious an Hero; wherefore, having " paid all due honours at his tomb, he intreated that he " might obtain a sight of him. The Hero grants his peti- " tion, and rises in a glorious suit of armour, which cast so " insufferable a splendour, that Homer lost his eyes while " he gazed for the enlargement of his notions!" We are, however, inclined to credit those traditions most, wherein his blindness is ascribed solely to a physical cause.

It seems that the poet's wit and learning had attracted the notice of the master of a ship, whose name was Mentes,

and who was himself a great lover of poetry. Homer about this time was employed on his Iliad, and was extremely anxious to visit several places, a description of which he thought necessary for the perfection of his poem. Mentes consequently invited him to take a tour, in which he visited Africa, Spain, and most of the Grecian ports. Returning from Spain he touched at Ithaca, *where he was much troubled with a Rheum falling upon his eyes*. Mentes, being necessarily called from that island, left the poet there, under the protection of *Mentor*, a person of considerable consequence in the island. It was from his residence in this island that he is supposed to have acquired that knowledge of its manners and customs, which he has so minutely described in his admirable poem the Odyssey. Homer soon after recovered from his malady. On the return of Mentes, they re-embarked together, and having visited several places, the unfortunate bard was again attacked with the Rheum, from which he never again recovered. Here his wanderings were at end, and retiring to Smyrna, he completed his Iliad.

It is interesting to trace these little circumstances in the lives of those authours, who have given us delight by their sublime and captivating works. It would be absurd to pretend to furnish any thing novel on such subjects as these; but no one will deny the utility or pleasure resulting from occasional investigations of this nature, and collections of such facts as hardly deserve to be buried in that oblivion, to which many of the productions and traditions of antiquity seem to have an undeniable claim.

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

No. IV.

November 5, 1810.

ACCORDING to the intimation at the end of my last letter, my dear son, I send you the result of my thoughts upon that important subject, the choice of books. Should you find that the adoption of my advice is calculated to procure you the derision of some of your companions, or prevent your reading many very entertaining books, you must not conclude that it arises from want of sympathy in the feelings of youth, or illiberal notions of the strength of your principles. I give you credit for judgment and prudence, not frequently excelled at your age, and for correct principles of which you will ever find the utility. But after all, a student at college, especially a newly entered one, is always a young man, and often a boy. Listen then to an anxious old man, that is willing to think and reflect for you, where your own resolution might be weak, or your own intelligence uninformed.

Upon the subject of this letter there are two opinions of directly different nature, and each supported by several arguments. On the one hand, it is said that as a young man must, some time or other, meet with books of vicious principles, it will be better for him if he read them at that early period of life, when parental admonitions are fresh in his mind, and sufficiently strong to fortify it against corruption. It is said that, as the time must come, when in the world at large, he must sometimes hear the scoffs of infidels, the profanities of the impious, and the impurities of the depraved, when he must not only hear them, but hear them palliated and defended, it is best that he be so disciplined by exposure to the danger, that when he mingles with men it will ineffectually assail him. But it is well urged, that it is safer

to defer the day of trial, till the principles of the mind are in some valuable measure confirmed, till its fortitude is decided, and its rectitude resolute; and that then, how great so ever be the temptation, it will find its object prepared for its assault, and defended against its strength.

There are several different kinds of bad books. There are the writings of men of talents and men of education, who have employed their natural and acquired advantages in calumniating the dispensations of the Being, whose power gave their life, and whose providence continued and upheld it. Some of these men are of very commanding powers. Shaftesbury, Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon, are among the first philosophical and literary names. And what sort of prudence is that, my son, which would bid the young man stake the cartilaginous rectitude of his principles, against the bony perversion of theirs? Do you suppose that they have attacked the truth clumsily as well as falsely; or that their dexterity has been as deficient as their integrity? If you do, you have utterly mistaken them. They had talents, and uncommonly strong motives to exert them. They had no sweet consciousness of acceptance of their intentions, by the great Judge, to console them under unsuccessful exertions; they had no reward to hope for but popular applause. They have done their best, and though their works avail nothing against the truth they assail, they may avail much against the faith of the credulous in that truth. Shun them, my son, shun the works of these men. Do it because they perverted their powers by abuses of them, disgraceful to themselves and dangerous to others. It would perhaps do you no harm to read Weishaupt, Helvetius, or Hume, to sharpen your metaphysical talents, as boys write nonsense verses, to improve their prosody. But stop here. Do not go to the mystical German, the disorganizing Frenchman, or the impious Briton, for religion, morality,

or politicks. You might reasonably expect, what is certainly the case, that many of the infidel writers were very bad men. And this furnishes another reason why you should avoid their works. Than Voltaire I do not think that there ever was a worse man; that there ever lived a man of worse principles, of more vicious motives, of more depraved affections, and a less exemplary life. Every thing that can aggravate a man's guilt condemns him. And is this the man, whose works you will peruse, because their sophistries are ingenious, and their fallacies artful, because their misrepresentations are well-timed, and their falsehoods plausible? Such is the first class of bad books.

The second is the vile catalogue of modern novels and romances. You will not fear that I am going to join the prudish outcry against all books, that come under these abused names; and your own good sense will exclude, from my censures, those good novels of the old school of Richardson, &c. and those good ones of later days of Hannah Moore, Miss Edgeworth, and even Mrs. West. But besides the books of these authours, which are some of the best you can read, there are many very many romances and novels, which will warm your good affections, while they expand your mental faculties, especially the imagination, which is, more than by any thing else, improved by such books. He were indeed a cynick, who would prohibit the Mysteries of Udolpho, or the Children of the Abbey. But, my dear son, there is a miserable list of books, called romances and novels, whose only constituents and recommendations, are a flimsy tale of a ghost or a castle, a scandalous marriage or seduction, and a horrible or improbable catastrophe. Written in England to become the talk of a month, and to amuse the vanity of a silly woman:—written in the very worst style of florid nonsense, and only in defiance of rules of criticism, as they are contemptibly below them. That you

should devote your precious time to the contemplation of such mournful monuments of human frailty would afflict me, more than any thing. I think I could more easily bear to see your principles perverted, and your judgment biassed towards errour, than to see your mental faculties enervated, dissipated, and ruined. A bold, hardy villain is an object of less disgust, than the shattered debauchee, or the trembling sot.

There is one more class of bad books, but I will pass slightly over them. I will not warn you against them, for I write, my son, to advise, and not to insult you. To tell you to despise the foul pages of shameless impurity, were to hurt your feelings of conscious purity.

Such are the observations on the choice of books, which the limits of a letter will admit. They are very elementary, and very incomplete. So far as they go, however, they will give you some valuable rules, and assist you in the formation of others for yourself. Excuse me, if I cannot bid you a farewell without a parting word on the importance of books; and let me ask you to look upon them, as precious friends, as friends that will never fail you. You will always find your good books, instructive and interesting, when friendship cools and partiality forgets you. Yours, my son, must be the human lot: and I charge you to learn to love your books, for trust me, the time may come, when God will try you in your friendships, and your fame. You may be called to resign the one, and to relinquish the other. Should then the disastrous season ever come, when the delicacy of your feelings must be torn by disgraceful imputations, when the openness of your confidence must be violated by unprincipled hypocrisy, when the purity of your motives must be questioned, by conscious obliquity, and when your fair fame must be poisoned by envy, and jealousy, happy will

it be, if you can forget your unhappiness, and forgive your wrongs, in the abstraction of literature, and classical retirement.

Your affectionate father.

POETRY.

ORIENTAL POEM.

We present our readers with the English version of another oriental poem. Before inserting it, we will presume to accompany it with a few remarks, which we hope will not be uninteresting.

The authour of the following poem was Raffiaddeen, a native of Hindustan. He lived in the commencement of the seventeenth century. His profession was that of a soldier. He wrote a *Divan*, or collection of poems, which contained in all about fifteen thousand distichs. On the character of his works the following observations are made by an English critick. "His style is not by any means sublime: the thoughts in many of his sonnets, and indeed the very words, are borrowed from the more celebrated poets; yet, in a multiplicity of instances, he exhibits a pleasing originality, which distinguishes him from the crowd of Persian versifiers, whose Divans in general contain little more than tiresome descriptions of Spring and its delights, in which the same images recur a thousand times, or incoherent rhapsodies, half amorous, and half religious." His glowing description of Cashmere, which he once visited, is very celebrated. Many will probably be gratified with a specimen of it. We will therefore select that portion of it which treats of the inhabitants, and particularly of the women, rather than general and romantick descriptions of the country and climate. "Festivity and pleasure abound there. In mirth and revelry the Cashmerians pass away their

" time on silken cushions. They all wear *shawls*, whether " of illustrious birth, or of the lowest class. How shall I " describe the lovely damsels of that country ?—for in my " opinion, the young moon is not equal to them in beauty ;— " with lips sweet as sugar ;—in stature as the graceful " pine ;—fragrant as jessamine ; whatever side you look at, " those nymphs appear like the sun or moon ; a thousand " secret snares, like the links of a chain, are laid in the " waving ringlets of those fair *plunderers of hearts.* When " these lovely nymphs loose their flowing tresses, a thou- " sand captive hearts issue from the point of every hair ! " Here are innumerable youths handsome as *Joseph;* a " thousand damsels with pouting lips, fair as *Zeleeka*,* and " charming as the *Houries ;* all fresh, young, and bloom- " ing ; all in sweetness like sugar-candy, sugar, and milk."

The ensuing poem has but very little to recommend it, at least in its present versification, except the impassioned ardour it breathes from its love-distracted authour. Should the sentiment in the first stanza be objected to for its impiety, in which he consents to forfeit reason and religion for the pleasure of beholding his fair one in his sleep, we wish that the bold and exaggerated style of the oriental writers may be recollected, and rescue this from any distinguished opprobrium.

Unless we are mistaken, the perusal of this ode will remind the reader of the beautiful epistle of Eloiza to Abelard of Pope. In many parts of the latter are discovered the same hesitancy between love and religion as appears in the former. And in particular we would notice the sudden transition from reason to passion which occurs in the beginning of the last stanza of the ode. We think it as remarkable as that which has been so often admired in the following lines :

* The wife of Potiphar.

" Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art,
" Oppose thyself to heav'n ; dispute my heart ;
" Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
" Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
" Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
" Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
" Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
" Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !—
" No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
" Rise, Alps, between us, and whole oceans roll !
" Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
" Nor share one pang of all I feel for thee,
" Thy oaths I quit," &c.

A few words more will be added, respecting the metre we have adopted. In the Persian grammar of Sir William Jones, a few poems are translated, of which each stanza consists of six lines. The rhyme is so arranged, that the fourth line responds to the first, the fifth to the second, and the sixth to the third. This metrical arrangement we believe is an invention of Sir William, and is at once novel and agreeable. To this system we have added two lines more, a shorter and longer, which correspond in the rhyme, and compose the fourth and eighth lines of each stanza. The versification is therefore, we apprehend, entirely new, and sufficiently diversified to render it acceptable.

After this long introduction which we are afraid is almost swelled to a dissertation, we offer the poem itself.

Oh, if amidst my dreams of joy,
I once could view her angel form,
Or listen to her sacred name
In sleep's wild fantasies ;
Should e'en the extatick bliss destroy
My reason's powers ; though fancy warm
Should banish piety's pure flame,
Yet would I forfeit both, snd both despise.

Oh, could I but one moment plead,
And urge my passion to the fair,

Could I lie prostrate at her feet,
And humbly there adore ;
What other blessings should I need ?
Or why to heaven address my prayer ?
No greater bliss could I intreat,
Her smile alone is riches, honour, power.

But oh, how blest, if she should deign,
To grant one soothing kind reply ;
Or e'en her boasting could I hear ;
" This is my humble slave ;"
Gladly would I confess her reign ;
Yes, I'd submit without a sigh ;
No angel from the heaven's ninth sphere
Such sweet extatick pleasure ever gave.

Ah, cruel maid ! why thus display
Those ringlets with a magick art ?
Which far o'er-power the sweet perfume
That beauteous jasmines shed ;
Oh ! while those locks dishevelled play,
While such a fragrance they impart,
The rose with envy they consume,
And shame the odours from rich Tartary's bed.—

Oh, what is this distraction wild,
That fires my soul, that turns my brain ?
'Tis love, 'tis love, whose cruel dart,
Now rankles in my breast ;
Come, reason, soft, persuasive, mild,
Come thou and mitigate this pain ;
Soothe the fierce sorrows of this heart,
And give a poor distracted sufferer rest.

Still, Raffiaddeen, still allured !
And wilt thou to love's power still yield ?
Ah yes ; be candid and sincere,
For thou wilt still adore ;
Yield, fool, thou'rt now too strong secur'd ;
Pursue thy mistress through yon field,
Call e'en her wandering foot-steps dear,
And kiss the consecrated clay thrice o'er.

PRESIDENT KIRKLAND'S INAUGURATION.

To pass unnoticed the recent event, which is so interesting and important to the University, were equally inconsistent with our duty and inclination. To withhold our accordance to the hearty welcome, which has greeted our new President, were to conceal our fondest affections; and our only fear is that our joy may appear cold, because it must be expressed in customary language. As friends of that Establishment to which we must chiefly owe our future success as men, and which chiefly inspires our anticipating hopes, we feel a satisfaction in the guide of its interests and the father of its offsprings, which is complete and unmixed. As students of the College, our cordial attachment to its new Head has grown out of indefinite respect, so readily that we cannot prophesy its fleeting duration. We finally rejoice for the commonwealth at large and congratulate its citizens, that as far as political prosperity depends on the state of literature, their sanguine hopes are justly entertained, and will not be disappointed. Whatthen shall we say? To express our delights we hope would be unnecessary, to convey an idea of their fervour we are sure would be impossible. But we may pause with fondness to record a day the most interesting and important in the academick calendar.—On Wednesday last was inducted to the office of President of the University the reverend J. T. KIRKLAND. This happy event, which has given a satisfaction, unmixed but by sympathy with the loss his people have sustained of their pastor, was celebrated in Academick style, and with unusual testimonies of publick joy. The procession of all the officers of the government and of the instruction of the University met a very large and respectable assembly in the meeting-house, and the ceremonies were introduced with an appropriate address and prayer, by Dr. Lathrop. The friends of classical lite-

rature were highly gratified that his Excellency the Governour for his inductive address made an election of the Latin language. We hope that the season will never arrive when the languages will fail of their merited respect, or cease to be preferred on our publick literary occasions. In the official reply of the President to his excellency we saw with pleasure an unequivocal proof that the most elegant Muses and most beautiful Graces may find a refuge in the study of the divine. To display the classical merit of Mr. Thacher's address were to convey anticipated information to all who know him. But we cannot forbear thanking him for his well-timed defence of the character of his College, against barefaced charges and insinuated imputations, which disappointed rivalry may well account for, but which nothing can palliate, and for which profound penitence only can atone. Of Dr. Kirkland's discourse we will only say, that its introductory apology was an exemplary proof of diffidence, which defects that did not exist had inspired by their possibility; and which added efficacy to remarks which though recommended by every grace, claimed none but simplicity. A happiest production of a sweetest muse, excited all those pleasures which arise from the recital of fine poetry by the lips of eloquence. An anthem by the scholars was performed with skill and introduced with effect. Dr. Kirkland in admitting Presidents Smith, Dwight, and Appleton, to the degree of D. D. executed his first official act. The ceremonies of the meeting-house were closed by Dr. Eliot's prayer. A Latin and Greek ode in the Commons-Hall gave a classical air to the festivity of the entertainment; and a brilliant illumination and pleasant ball in the evening, closed the duties and the enjoyments of a day, which for its immediate interests and consequent effects will never be forgotten in the walls of Harvard.